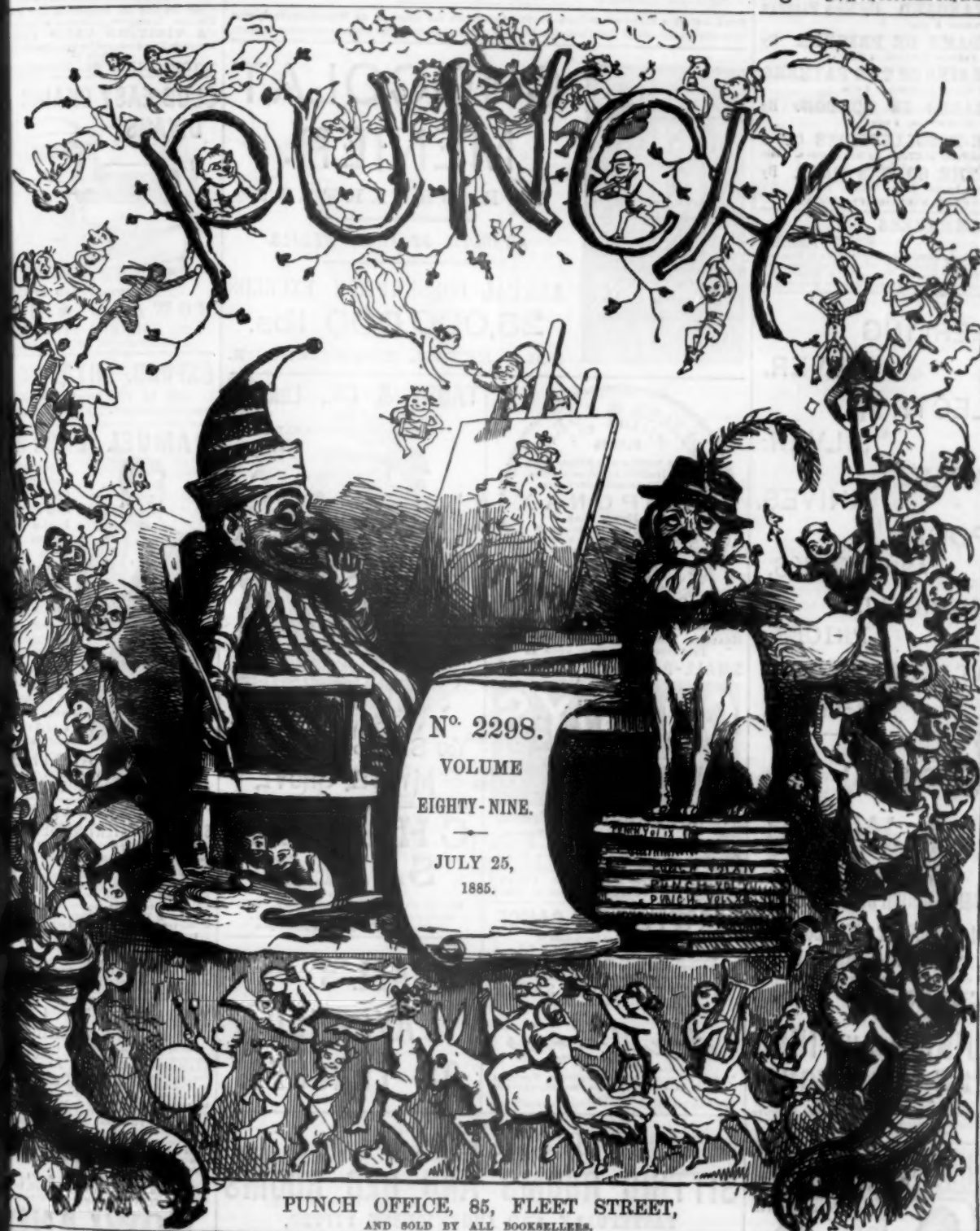


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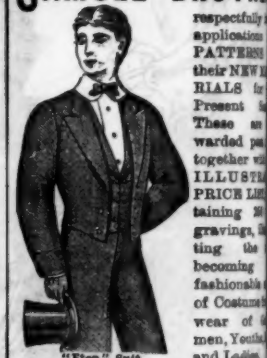
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WHICH IS WHICH?

(By Our Bewildered Critic, who was in two places at once.)

THE EMPRESS *Théodora*, when first seen in the play, is giving audience to a Parisian of the period and other bores, and soon becomes weary of her Court, and especially of one of its chief functionaries, who will wear a dress-improver, which it seems was known



"Very like, very like."—Hamlet.

in those days, though Mr. GODWIN cruelly left it out in *Claudian*. The Empress thinks it "such impudence," and, scorning the luxury that caused the ruin of the Roman Empire—e.g., a big drum, to play upon, all to herself—she goes off to the Hippodrome, to see her old friend *Tamyris* (Madame MARIE THORNE), to get a philtre for *Justinian* (M. SHELTON GARNIER). Arrived at the Byzantium Arcade, the Empress unbends, and we see her laughing and dancing with the Sorceress in truly affable fashion. In the first scene Madame MARIE BERNHARDT was lithe and languorous, and in the second Mdlle. SARAH LINDEN was smart and sinuous; indeed, the dual character of the Empress was never better represented, and *Justinian* hardly recognised his better half when he saw her double.

A conspiracy in Byzantium must have been a nice thing for the neighbours, as we discover when taken to the house of *Andréas*, a



Mons. Toole, du Théâtre Anglais, as Andréas.

at other name, while he calls her naughty names, not knowing she is *Augusta*. So the lady becomes very uneasy, and naturally squirms, and this is a great feature of the piece. Madame MARIE BERNHARDT's squirm is the true "spasma imperiale" of JUVENAL, while Mdlle. SARAH LINDEN has in it more of the juvenile.

The Emperor twits his wife with being an Actress, which, seeing the admirable manner in which she plays the part, is, to say the least of it, bad manners. But she forgives him, and tells him all about the plot which the indiscreet *Andréas* has let out. The Imperial

party hide, *Marcellus*, the chief conspirator, and *Andréas* come on, the former is captured, but *Théodora* saves *Andréas* by shutting the door so suddenly in his face that poor *Andréas* must have got a nasty one in the eye. Here the acting of SARAH or MARIE and M. TOOLE or MARAIS, I forget which, was very fine. Then ensues a scene which baffles description, and also the conspirators. *Marcellus* (M. WARD, of the Porte St. Martin, Trafalgar Square) is brought in, knocked on the head, and stabbed by *Théodora*, just to prove what he had been insisting on for some time, that "his heart was in the right place." So *Marcellus* doesn't betray *Andréas*, and off they all go to the races, where we see the Emperor and Empress putting on their *denarii* in regular Epsom style. *Andréas* turns up, and is promptly gagged, for he certainly says very rude things; and presently we come to the last scene of all, where the Empress visits him in his hiding-place. It seems that *Théodora* has given *Théodora* not a philtre, but a poison, for the Witch desires to be revenged upon *Justinian*, whose Guards have killed her son; and so when *Andréas*, in a most proper manner, will have nothing to say to the naughty Empress, she gives him the potion to win back his love. The brew of *Tamyris* is potent, for M. TOOLE was so convulsed (as were his audience), that several medical men in the house were with difficulty restrained from flying to his assistance. His anguish was something really beautiful, and at the same time, purely classic, the genuine *Gastrodynia Byzantica*, as described by the famous Physician, GULIELMUS LARUS, A.D. 532.

I fancy I've got the two pieces a little mixed, but haven't time to put it right again. *Valeat et plaudite*, as the ancient Low Comedian used to say.

A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

At the Class-Day Dinner at Harvard College lately, we are informed, Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Author of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, read a complimentary poem to Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, one verse of which runs (a trifle haltingly, if rightly reported) as follows:—

"By what deep magic, what alluring arts,
Our truthful JAMES led captive British hearts;
Whether his shrewdness made their Statesmen halt,
Or if his learning found their dons at fault,
Or if his virtue was a strange surprise,
Like honest Yankees we can simply guess:
England herself will be the first to claim
Her only conqueror since the Norman came."

To which Mr. Punch begs amicably to reply:—

Not halting Statesmen, and not dons outdone,
Taught us to love this lord of sense and fun;
Nor did it come to us as a surprise
To find a Yankee virtuous as wise.
No HOLMES, sweet HOLMES! Our pride it nothing shames,
To own us conquered by your Truthful JAMES.
His "sword and spear" in truth were cause of it,
The sword of eloquence, the spear of wit;
For heart, not art, sage head, not iron hand,
Made him the "conqueror" of our stubborn land.
Captured us? Yes; and he'll be hailed with rapture
If he'll come back among us to recapture!
Could you come too, *tant mieux!* for what more pat
Than to pair "Conqueror" with "Autocrat?"
Verb: sap: dear OLIVER! It won't be lost on
One of the best and brightest brains of Boston!

THE HANWELL FESTIVAL.

SIR,—I got the prize. Alone I did it, with another fellow. It was for a Conundrum. And they sang "See the conquering hero," that's me, "comes, Sound the trumpets, beat the conundrums!" And this is a conundrum no one can beat:—

My first is a Hotel, no matter where, London if you like.
My second is Lord DE ROTHSCHILD (with our best wishes and kindest regards).

My third is what the lamb-outlets and peas said to the Head Cook.
My whole is what the biggest fool I know is. (Nothing personal in this last, and all rights reserved.)

Now for the answer. Listen. Hold on. One, two, three, and away:—
The answer is *Inn-jew-dish-us*.

That got the prize, and there were bonfires in the dormitory all night long. Great rejoicings.

Yours ever,
NUNQUAM DROMIO (the other brother.)

The gawky young fellows who can't, or won't dance, and plant themselves against the walls look less like Wall-flowers than members of the Orchid Squad.



CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

"WELL, AND DID YOU GET THE STAMPS, TOMMY, AND STICK THEM ON, AND POST THE LETTER, AS I TOLD YOU?" "YES, MUMMY!"
 "AND COUNT THE CHANGE CAREFULLY, AND BRING IT BACK!"
 "YES, MUMMY, HERE IT IS—I'VE BROUGHT IT BACK IN TOFFEE!"

OH, THE JOY OF IT!

MR. DRESSER ROGERS, who, from his suggestive facility of expression, might be in future very reasonably styled, Mr. ADDRESSER ROGERS, on congratulating the LORD MAYOR the other day on his reception of a Baronetcy from the hands of Her Most Gracious MAJESTY, expressed, together with many others, a hearty wish that his Lordship "might enjoy it." The phrase is a happy one, for it seems to add quite an unexpected zest to the possession of the honour in question. "How to Enjoy a Baronetcy?" is a question that very few newly-created Baronets can ever have asked themselves; and it would be quite worth some enterprising person's while to give it a practical answer in the shape of a little shilling volume. As dignities have been falling rather thick of late, "*A Hundred Ways of Enjoying a Baronetcy*" at the price named could not fail to sell. Nor would the Author's task be difficult. The subject is full of suggestiveness. Indeed, there appears to be, when the matter is examined, a vast amount of quiet enjoyment to be got out of the mere fact of being a Baronet. There is the pleasure of suddenly springing the title on an unprepared hotel-keeper, and watching his subsequent obsequious ambles. It must be, too, an agreeable sensation to drop a dozen or so of your visiting cards on a crowded railway platform, and then have them all returned to you singly, accompanied by a cringing bow or awe-struck and respectful stare. It must be even a refreshing experience, when quite alone, to lie dreamily on your back on a lawn, and say to yourself, "Hang it, this is jolly! Why, bless me, if I'm not a real live Baronet!"

But there is no need to continue the list of the whole series of enjoyments that are to be got out of a Baronetcy adroitly held in this fashion. Pleasures present themselves on all sides. Even a street row, ending in a summons and a Police report the next morning, has its agreeable points. Mr. DRESSER ROGERS deserves the thanks of every newly-honoured member of the community. He has put a perpetual Rosherville within the grasp of even the gloomiest new Peer.

IN A HAMMOCK.

Oh, sweet 'tis to swing in a Hammock 'neath trees,
 And feel the soft breath of the Summer's light breeze,
 With a jug to dip into or not, as you please,
 Where claret and soda commingle;
 You've got a cigar, how it soothes, 'twixt your lips,
 And round you an angel in petticoats trips,
 And pope in the lemon, omitting the pipe,
 Till you're sad at the thought you are single.

When HORACE, in old days, exclaimed to his boy,
 That linden-bound chaplets could give him no joy,
 I should think not, indeed, what a singular toy,
 And bid him look out for no roses;
 He never had known of a Hammock, I'll swear,
 Or he'd surely have mentioned the fact, to declare
 How well he could swing in all luxury there,
 'Mid pleasant Venusian posies.

You feel quite at rest, though the world has been hard,
 And you know that you're not such a wonderful bard,
 As you thought in your youth, e'er your brow had
 grown scarred

By Time's irrepressible fingers;
 And you idly reflect on some more foolish verse,
 Soft sentiment mingled with epigram terse,
 That may win you applause and put tin in your purse,
 Wherein it unfrequently lingers.

Then here's to the Hammock, and peace that it brings,
 To him who in height of the summertime swings,
 While the bird on the branch that hangs over him,
 sings,

And the river runs on to the ocean;
 I think that it would be most pleasant, don't you,
 Just to lie at your ease all the long Summer through,
 And to swing in a Hammock, with nothing to do,
 Save rejoice in the exquisite motion.

Earnest in Jest.

"A FOWLER is not of much use without a net," observed LORD SALISBURY, with a twinkle in his right eye. "So I will make him a net."

"You!" exclaimed the EARL OF IPSLEIGH, waking up. "You make a net for a Fowler! What sort?"

The twinkle twinkled strongly in the PREMIER's eye as he replied,—"I shall make him a Baro-net." Then the noble Earl saw the joke, and wept heartily.

ON A NAVAL COMMITTEE.

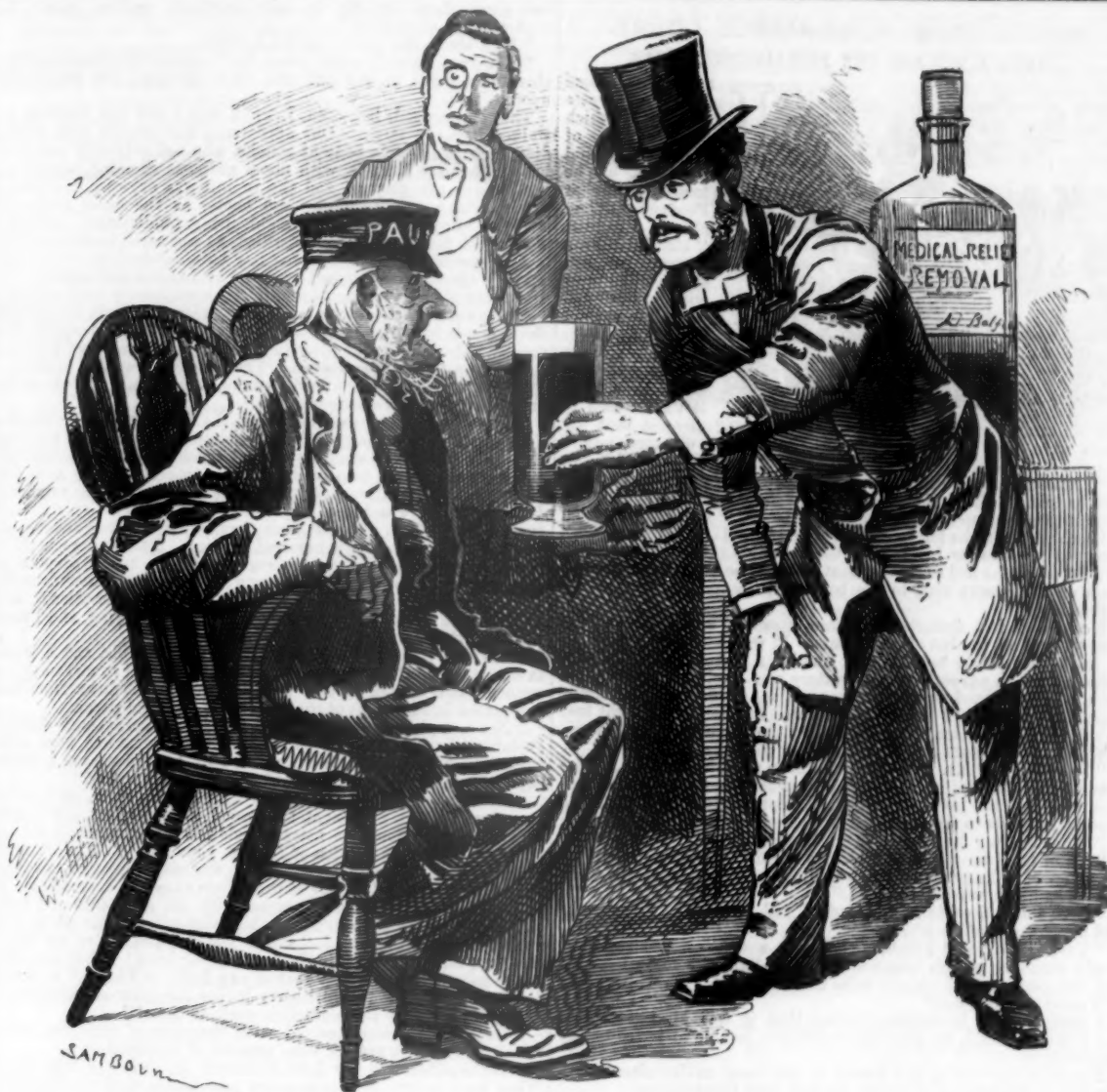
SHOULD COURTESY, JACKSON, GRAY, AND BRUCE
 Not prove themselves of any use,
 And RYLANDS, coupled off with GOSCHEN,
 But merely serve to rhyme with "ocean,"—
 'Tis well, to help them at a halt,
 That they can boast one real SALT.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

(From an Evidently Ignorant Correspondent.)

SIR,—I see by the papers that the Wedding of Princess BEATRICE is not to be a State Ceremonial. There are to be "three carriage processions," employing on the whole about eighteen carriages. The Master of the Horse—fancy only one horse, "*the Horse*," for the whole lot!—will be much exercised, and, by the way, so will "*the horse*." But what bothers me, Sir, is these three carriage processions, at least eighteen carriages, and only one horse! I can't get over it; no more will the horse. And suppose that horse, of which Lord BRADFORD is "the newly-appointed master," is laid up! What then? Will they all walk, or go in donkey-chaises, at so much an hour? They couldn't fit into goat-chaises, or they'd get these at a low figure. I have never visited the Royal Stables which, I believe, are well worth seeing, but if there's only one horse, all the stalls, except one, must be empty, unless, like stalls in a theatre during a run of bad business, they are filled with dead-heads or dummies. Will no one ask a question in Parliament as to the salary of the Master of the Horse—poor horse, I do pity him!—and whether the country couldn't afford another, or indeed several more for this particular occasion? I shall be there to see and to cheer the Princess and her spouse, even though they be in a one-horse shay.

Yours, A LITTLE HYDE IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.



AN EXTRA LIBERAL DOSE.

Dr. Balfour (to Patient). "YOU'LL BE SO GRATEFUL FOR MY TREATMENT OF YOUR CARE."

Dr. Chamberlain. "YOU'LL BE RADICALLY CURED,—BUT DON'T FORGET THAT IT WAS MY PRESCRIPTION."

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY; OR, SAWS FOR THE SEASON.

A SPEECH in the Lords is worth two in the Commons.

(For Lord Northbrook.)—"Marinum est errare."

(For Use in the Soudan.)—Nothing fails like failure.

One Spouter can send an Elector to the polling-booth, but twenty can't make him think.

Too many Cooks spoil the Excursion Season.

(A propos of most Temperance Drinks.)—One Swallow spoils a whole Summer.

One man's meat is another man's horse-flesh.

Nobody knows what the Czar's up to except the Editor of the *Pallaki Mallski Gazettikoff*.

(For Cricketers.)—It's a long score that gives no chances.

A still match makes a wise Burglar.

WHAT'S WANTED.—New Ships, not new Peers.

Not a Sucking Dove.

"M. DE BILLING, though courteous in the language he employs in his letter to M. HENRI ROCHEFORT, roundly accuses the British Government of setting a price on the head of OLIVIER FAIN."—*Daily Paper*.

If one is to listen to M. DE BILLING,

To make matters hotter he seems not unwilling;

And, since good understandings he's bent on undoing,

It is clear that, though BILLING, he doesn't mean cooling.

Disappointed.

KING ORO JUMBO has gone back to West Africa. He regretted much that he wasn't able to visit Scotland, where he had expected to find heroes of his own colour and a number of his countrywomen: at least, so much he gathered from having been informed that in the Highlands he would see "some fine Moors and several Bonny Lassies."

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

I MAKE A BID FOR THE PARLIAMENTARY BAR.



I HAVE not come here to waste your time, which I know to be of great value," said BOUNCER, as he took the chair that PORTINGTON had placed for him, "but to make a proposal which I trust will meet with your approval, nay, even approbation."

This address greatly perplexed me. As a rule, BOUNCER used to

talk slightly of my work in the Temple, and suggest that my briefs were few and far between. Under these circumstances I thought it advisable to request BOUNCER "not to play the fool."

"I was never more serious in my life," replied my visitor; and then he told me all about it. It appeared that my friend had allowed himself to be put up as one of the Candidates for the representation of Coachington in the forthcoming Parliament. The matter had been managed for him by LIMBER, of the firm of SNAPPSHOT, LIMBER, AND POCKET, who had suggested that I should be asked to accompany them on their next visit to the borough in search of support and enthusiasm.

I confess I felt flattered, the more especially as the name of the firm was not on the list of my clients. It was decidedly gratifying to learn that I had been singled out by a distinguished body of Solicitors as an advocate whose oratory was likely to have weight with an enlightened constituency, such as, no doubt, Coachington happened to be. If I made a favourable impression, it might lead to work at the Parliamentary Bar, under the patronage of the venerable Mr. SNAPPSHOT and his less elderly partners.

"I wonder why Mr. LIMBER should have thought of me!" I murmured, with a smile. "No doubt I must have met him in consultation when he was instructing Counsel representing parties having kindred interests to my own."

"Well, I rather fancy the idea originated with me," said BOUNCER. "LIMBER told me that our meetings required freshening up, and asked me if I knew anyone who would do. I mentioned you. He replied he had never heard of you."

"Dear me!" I exclaimed, surprised and hurt—"he said that he had never heard of me?"

"Yes. Then I told him who you were, and he said all right, we would announce you as 'the distinguished Barrister from London,' and that perhaps that 'might wake them up a bit.' So I hope you will come and help me."

I accepted the invitation, feeling that it was high time that Mr. LIMBER should, by practical experience, be able to judge of my capabilities.

BOUNCER was met at the station by his agent on the afternoon of the day we had arranged for our descent upon Coachington.

Mr. LIMBER was sharp and smart, and about fifty. His face fell when he saw me.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "Is this Mr. BRIEFLESS?"

"Yes, Sir," I replied, with dignity, looking him full in the face through my spectacles, "my name is BRIEFLESS!"

"No offence," replied Mr. LIMBER. "Dare say it will be all right. Only I know them better than you. They are a rough lot."

It appeared that, on this account, both BOUNCER and his agent had supplied themselves with a thick overcoat apiece (utterly unsuitable to the time of year), to be assumed in case of need, which might be tersely interpreted as in case of brick-bats. During the journey down, my two companions compared notes about the details of the election. So far as I could make out from their conversation, BOUNCER was the unpopular Candidate, and found it very uphill work in opposing his political antagonist, Mr. CHESTERFIELD SPARROW. When we reached our destination, LIMBER (who until this moment had been on the easiest terms of familiarity with his principal) got out of the train, and with exaggerated deference assisted BOUNCER to alight. BOUNCER smilingly walked down the platform, and shook hands with the collector who asked for his ticket. He also shook hands with the clerk in the booking-office; also with the station-master.

"Very sorry, Gentlemen," said the last-named official, "but I have not been able to get you anything better than MERTON'S waggonette. I suspect that Mr. CHESTERFIELD SPARROW

has given them the tip to let you have nothing else. But such as it is—there it is."

"How about the band?" asked LIMBER.

"The drum is still quite sober, Sir," replied the Station-master, cheerfully, "and he will pull the others through, you may depend upon it."

Thus encouraged, BOUNCER, LIMBER, and I left the platform and walked into the street. Our appearance was greeted with yells of disapprobation from a body of roughs, who had evidently been looking out for us. LIMBER, with much presence of mind, signalled to the drummer to play up, and the tumult was drowned in strains of music, which became louder and louder as the other performers emerged one by one from a neighbouring publichouse. BOUNCER was bowed into a waggonette (which, as compared to other vehicles of the same class, was as a Herne Bay bathing-machine is to a Lord Mayor's coach) with marked courtesy by LIMBER and myself. The remaining places were then immediately occupied by sons of toil in corduroys and shirt-sleeves. The unpopular Candidate immediately shook hands with them, and with ourselves on the box, drove off as rapidly as possible to the place of meeting—a field about a quarter of a mile from the railway station. The crowd followed us hooting.

"It is all right," exclaimed LIMBER, triumphantly, when we had pulled up; "he has come after all!"

The person whose arrival had given the Solicitor so much satisfaction, was a short, stumpy-looking, red-faced little man in a pot hat. He climbed into the waggonette, and touching his hat respectfully to BOUNCER, entered into explanations seemingly having to do with his advent. The driver of the waggonette had in the meanwhile descended, and was holding the head of the horse—an extremely venerable creature, quite a Montefiore of its species—and we were surrounded by some two hundred persons. BOUNCER took off his hat, and was greeted with prolonged howling, tempered with the stentorian cheers of the still sober and always conscientious drummer.

"I am much affected, Gentlemen, by this reception," cried BOUNCER, at the top of his voice, "it is most gratifying, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

From this point, BOUNCER'S speech was inaudible, and delivered in dumb show. However, that (LIMBER explained to me) was of no moment, as a written copy of it had been brought down from town and placed in the hands of the reporter of the local paper.

"Not a single egg this time, and scarcely a dozen cabbage-stalks!" exclaimed LIMBER, greatly pleased, when BOUNCER had been yelled back into his seat. "On my word, I do believe we are becoming popular! And now, Sir, you will hear our pet speaker."

The stumpy red-faced little man held out his hand, as if asking for attention. In a moment the crowd became silent, and listened intently—a few would-be noisy individuals being promptly subdued with an angry exclamation of "Hold your row!" The orator (for he was a born orator) delivered one of the most eloquent speeches I have ever heard. He spoke to the people as one of themselves. He pictured his poor but happy home, with his good wife and loving children awaiting his return from his daily toil. "I am one of yourselves, my lads," he cried, "and I feel for you. Yes, my lads, I, like you, earn my bread by the sweat of my brow! I, like you, glory in the name—grander than that of any Duke or Earl—of an honest, fair-handed, warm-hearted, liberty-loving, foreigner-scorning English—yes, English, my lads—English working-man!"

This sentiment was received with thunders of applause, amidst which I asked LIMBER for some account of the speaker.

"He is called Welsher DICK," shouted the Solicitor into my ear, "has been warned off nearly every race-course in the United Kingdom, and is at present making a precarious livelihood by acting as assistant chucker-out in a low-class gambling-house. The first time I saw him he was in the dock of the Old Bailey, being tried for nearly killing his wife with a quart-pot."

Taken completely by surprise by this very unexpected answer, I could only stare in the depth of my astonishment.

"Welsher DICK" finished his speech amidst great and general applause, and then it was LIMBER'S turn to appeal to the audience. But no, they would not hear him; and once more there was an exhibition in dumb show.

"I thought so," said LIMBER to me, with some bitterness, as he retired. "They have heard me before! Besides, they want to see what you are like! Mind, as they are a rough lot, that you don't offend them. You had better begin at once—nothing irritates them more than being kept waiting."

Thus urged, I put on my spectacles, took off my hat, and smiled. I was received with roars of laughter. I raised my hand, and the clamour increased threefold. I was met with insulting cries reflecting on my personal appearance, gratuitous advice to go home, and ironical inquiries for my autobiography.

"Friends," interposed Welsher DICK, at the instigation of LIMBER, "you have been promised a distinguished Barrister from London—here he is. I ask you as one of yourselves, as a working man like yourselves, as one of the people, to let him have a patient hearing." The mob gave the speaker three cheers. While this was

going on I tried to pull myself together and collect my thoughts. It suddenly struck me that I might commence my address effectively by recounting an imaginary dialogue between an aristocrat and an artisan, in which the former, of course, would ultimately be worsted by the latter. I settled that the aristocrat should commence the dialogue by expressing his dislike to the class to which his opponent belonged. So when the cheers had subsided, and the audience were eagerly waiting for my first words, I was ready with my opening.

"I hate," said I, with much heartiness, in my assumed character of the prejudiced aristocrat, "I hate the working-man." Here I paused, and for the first time looked around. The sea of faces frightened me, and I lost my nerve. In a moment all I had arranged to say disappeared, and my mind became a blank. About what happened next I have never been quite clear. I have a lively recollection of something hitting me on the head and smashing in my hat, and I distinctly remember that there was an angry yell. Then I fancy the wagonette must have been taken by storm. All I know for certain is that I was conveyed to the police-station, after a very gallant rescue, executed by a picked body of county constabulary.

"If you will wait a little, Sir," said the Inspector, "we can smuggle you out the back way just before the train starts, and land you in a carriage before they can get at you."

This difficult and dangerous programme was successfully carried out. On reaching home I was upbraided by my wife, who was greatly put out because I had lost my watch and other articles of value. This was hard to hear, but the ingratitude of BOUNCKER was harder—from that day to this he has never once thanked me for the support I gave him when he was unsuccessfully seeking election at Coachington. As for SNAPSHOT, LIMBER AND POCKET, they do not seem to have any Parliamentary business, if I may judge from the otherwise unaccountable omission of their names in my Fee-Book.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

"THE RING AND THE BOOK."

NOTES FROM OUR OWN SPORTSMAN.

(Specially Engaged for the Forthcoming Important Events.)

SIR,—You are right. In these days Racing cannot be neglected. Not a Journal but has at least a column *per diem* devoted to the noble sport,—and you, Sir, must not be behindhand in the race.

To-morrow is the Leicestershire Cup Day. Having exceptional means of knowledge at my command, your readers will do well to keep their eyes open, and, if they only read me aright, there will be rich men among them before to-morrow's sun his course has run. Now to begin, and, as the Ghost in *Hamlet* says, "Mark me."

If *Royal Fern* runs generously, and puts all his legs into it, I should not be inclined to look beyond him for the winner,—that is, I am bound to say, if he holds his own to the last, and does not allow himself to be collared by an antagonist,—though of this I have no fear whatever, as long as his Jockey keeps the others at a respectful distance, and puts on the spurt at the right moment. Should *Prism* realise my high opinion of what ought to be, as I was saying to his owner, "his more than excellent qualities," then there will not sit down a happier party to supper on Thursday night than the backers of the son of *Uncas*. He is ridden by WATTS, who is a true artist, and refused a Baronetcy the other day—more power to his elbow—though, at the same time, he must not presume too much on the Bunbury Mile and Gosforth Park victories, which only demonstrate the necessity of still keeping him well ahead of all the others, if he is to fulfil the anticipations of his best friends.

In the London Clubs, up to late last night, was heard a cry of *Despair*, which, as I remarked at the time, was very like a wail. For my part I, personally, put no faith in these *obiter dicta*, as I am sure that if the offspring of *See-Saw* can only once get the lead, no matter when, in the course of the race, and having once obtained it manage to retain it until he passes the Judge's box, the chances of his opponents will be reduced to a *minimisimum*. The "Cognoscenti," who flatter themselves on knowing stable secrets, whisper in my ear that, should *Reine Blanche* come romping in two lengths ahead of the Duke of Richmond, and give the "go by" to *Prism*, *Despair*, the *Eastern Emperor*, and the others, she will then be as certain of taking the prize as if it were now in her owner's hands. I confess I am more or less of this opinion myself, and shall not be surprised if the result proves my surmise correct. Let those laugh last who win, say I, and if all the others are not in it at the finish with the fair scion of the house of ROTHERHILL, she will have the chuckle all to her own sweet self.

Wild Thyme is a scenter of attraction to those who "know a bank" and can draw on it to any amount; I fancy there be some of the friends of the *Lovelanders* family who will have a "wild time" of it should TOMLINSON come in at the head of the poll, a not altogether impossible event, nor even improbable under certain conditions, to which I can do no more than allude, "without prejudice," as the lawyers say. The Duke of Richmond is a game and generous horse,

so generous as to be able to give 8st. 2lbs. to almost any other in the field if he liked, but if they follow my advice in this matter, his owner will do nothing of the sort. ARCHER rides him, and if, at the last moment, he does not allow him to yield his front place to number two, be it *Prism*, *Corunna*, or any other "runner" that may happen to be next him, but brings him in, as they say, "*primus inter pares*," then I have no doubt in my own mind that antagonism will be useless, and that the popular jockey will add another leaf to his crown, or, as I might say, if the horse's colour permitted it, another bay to his laurels.

Corunna is as near an approach to a certainty as there is on the cards, if BLOSS pushes her to the front, for she wants pushing, at the right moment, as in such cases position is everything. I am a bit near-sighted, and can't see the race without *Barnacles*,—but more than this it would not be fair for me, with the exceptional knowledge I possess, to say. "*Verbum sap*," as the poet has it.

Taking 'em for all in all, and giving one last look round, I still stick to my original selection for the Leicestershire Cup, which cheers but does not inebriate the true sportsman, and, bar *l'imprévu*, I think those of your readers who shall follow my advice will have no cause to complain, or to be in the least dissatisfied with the forecasts of

The Old Hermitage.

PEEPER THE HERMIT.

WHY I DID NOT WIN THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.

(By the Man with a Grievance at Wimbledon.)

BECAUSE I did not allow enough for the wind in my first shot.
Because I allowed too much for the wind in my second.
Because the wind was all over the place in the first stage.
Because there was no wind at all in the last.
Because someone spoke to me just as I was going to fire.
Because the marker must have been dozing.
Because, although carrying everything off at other meetings, I was not in form in Surrey.
Because my rifle was out of order.
Because one can never trust the Government ammunition.
Because I had the worst position at the ranges.
Because there was something wrong with the targets.
Because, hadn't it been in each case for the most trifling accident in the world, I should in each stage have certainly gained "the highest possible."
And, finally, for the most conclusive reason imaginable,—some other fellow got it!

Chant of Sir Thomas Thornhill, Bart.

(AIR—"Then farewell my trim-built Wherry.")

THEN farewell my three-lined whippy,
Three-lined whippy fare thee well;
Never more, while RANDOLPH'S hippy,
Shall your THOMAS "urgent" spell.

A Short Farewell.

SIR,—As I see that Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT has written some appropriate lines for Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT'S farewell, that will have already taken place by the time this letter finds its way into print, I will not send you the capital set of verses I had done for the occasion. Suffice it to say that I had brought in even the Conductor and Scene-shifters that flourished under their able management, and opened thus:—

"How much did B. and Mrs. B.
Improve the shining Ours!"

There is a lot more, but perhaps, under the circumstances, that will do for the present, from your Obedient Servant,

WATTS-HIS-NAME.

Derby's Diagnosis.

EARL DERBY is not going to cry *peccavi*!
Holding that to be cool is to be clever,
He deems that all this fuss about the Navy
Is nothing but HAY fever.

"SIR J. E. MILLAIS," says the *St. James's Gazette*, "is engaged on another portrait of Mr. GLADSTONE. It will be smaller than the two previous portraits of Mr. GLADSTONE by the same Artist." How ungrateful! after being Baronetted! We suppose that if Sir JOHN had been made a Duke, Mr. G.'s portrait would have been reduced to a mere sketch of the smallest dimensions.



LAYING IT ON TOO THICK.

"HOW LOVELY YOUR WIFE IS LOOKING TO-DAY, SIR GEORGE! I'VE BEEN ADMIRING HER ALL THE AFTERNOON!"
 "A—A—SHE'S ONLY JUST COME!"

"ALL AT SEA!"

ATTEND, all ye who love to hear how England is befooled!
 There was a time when ocean's waves, it was supposed, she ruled;
 Ruled! Quite a farce, of course, although in issue somewhat solemn;
 How may she hope to rule the waves, who cannot rule a column?

With a tow-row-row!

BRITANNIA'S old monopoly of course is all bow-wow.

Her memory dwells on gallant NELSON with affection fond,
 But how about the Admiralty, that deep Slough of Despond?
 There pride must knuckle under, and there patriot hope must sink,
 And a chain, they say 's no stronger than its very weakest link.

With a tow-row-row!

If that be so, how precious weak must be our Empire now!

Ho, for the chartered dunderheads who lord it at Whitehall!
 The "Ship of Fools" had never such a crew. And if a squall
 Should strike our topmasts suddenly, and take us all aback,
 What, what is like to happen, if that crew don't get the sack?

With a tow-row-row!

To Davy Jones's Locker they will take us straight, I trow.

They never, never deviate into sense, these noble swells;
 Upon their fine consistency the startled fancy dwells.
Inglorious Semper Eadem, the banner of our shame
 (To modify MACAULAY), is the basis of their fame.

With a tow-row-row!

A garland of right thistles should invest each noble brow.

Their business being managing our Navy—save the mark!—
 Of course concerning ships and guns they're *always* in the dark.
 That standeth to unreason, and unreason is their guide,
 And their maxim, strictly stuck to, 's "Shut your eyes, and let
 things slide!"

With a tow-row-row!

Hooray for "Rule of Thumb," lads, and the law of "Anyhow!"

Their Department being that one upon which our fate must hinge,
 Of course responsibility ne'er gives the dolts a twinge.
 They are game to spend our money, and investigation smother,
 And they answer awkward questions with that smasher, "You're
 another!"

With a tow-row-row!

An Admiralty *Answer* is a settler, you'll allow.

Yet there were some artless innocents among the sons of men
 Who fancied e'en an Admiralty goose could hold a pen;
 That though looking on the muddling of our Navy as a lark,
 He *must* have the common gumption of a thirty-shilling clerk.

With a tow-row-row!

A ridiculous delusion which is dissipated now.

To expect a Whitehall windbag to be very nigh as clever
 As a common counter-jumper? Oh! that *wouldn't* do, no, never!
 What, tattle up a column *à la* COCKER or COLENSO?
 Too bad to go a treating of our naval gentlemen so!

With a tow-row-row!

A blunder of a Million will soon alter that, you know.

When they give free education, as the School Board want to do,
 An Admiralty buffer, with a snug four-figure "screw,"
 May not be wholly ignorant that two and two make four;
 But *now*—oh, hang it, don'tcha! This arithmetic's a bore.

With a tow-row-row!

What, a Swell be "good at figures"? That is playing it too low!

And a very pretty figure we, in consequence, shall cut!
 JOHN BULL, your Admiralty is a regular hard nut,
 But if you don't soon crack it, you may trust your faithful P.
 That it is not Whitehall only that will soon be "all at sea."

With a tow-row-row!

Always the same? Perhaps so. But you've got to change it *now*!

SIR R. LOYD-LINDSAY takes the title of Lord WANTAGE. As a
 Tennis-player might say, "Wantage to him!"



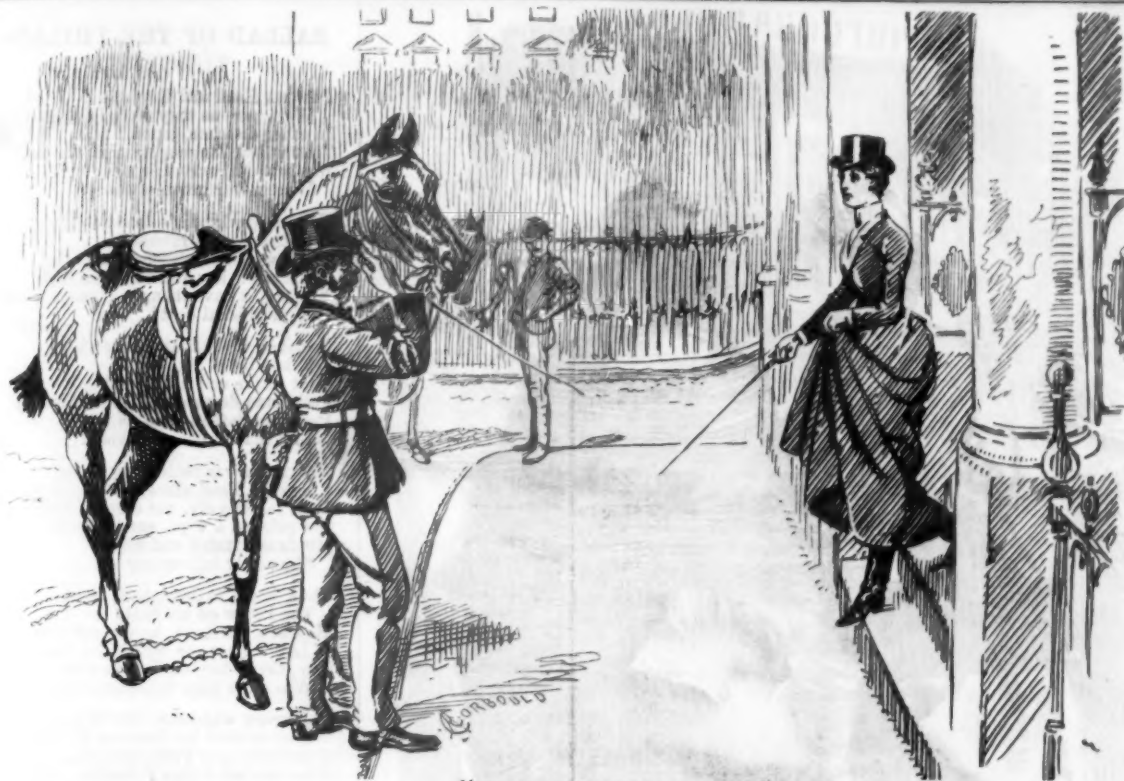
“ALL AT SEA!”

BRITANNIA. “OF COURSE I WAS PREPARED FOR MY SHIPS BEING ALL WRONG, BUT I DID EXPECT YOU'D HAVE LEFT THE ACCOUNTS RIGHT.”

N-ETHER-X (*late Purser*). “BEG PARDON, MA'AM! IT WASN'T ANY FAULT OF MINE IN PARTICULAR,—IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE SAME!!”



THESE ARE THE RESULTS OF THE RESEARCHES OF THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE, AND ARE
THE PROPERTY OF THE GOVERNMENT.



"RUS IN URBE."

Fair Equestrian (from the Provinces, her first turn in the Ring). "GOOD GRACIOUS, SAM! YOU CAN'T RIDE OUT WITH ME LIKE THAT! WHERE ARE YOUR BOOTS AND THINGS!"

Country Groom. "LOR', MUM, I DIDN'T BRING 'EM UP. BUT IT DON'T MATTER. NOBODY KNOWS ME HERE!"

A NEW DEPARTURE.

THAT most amusing gentleman, the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA, never showed a greater amount of audacity, tempered with common sense, than when he introduced an important matter to the House of Commons the other night, by saying that he should not occupy the valuable time of the Members by explaining its various provisions, and the arguments by which they might be supported, as there was an admirable article in the *Times* of the previous week that put the whole case in far better language than he could hope to use, and to which he would refer those industrious gentlemen opposite who, pencil in hand, were awaiting a lengthened statement. The noble Lord then resumed his seat, and, before his opponents could recover from their profound astonishment, the matter was agreed to.

This successful attempt opens up a wide field for saving valuable time. We will imagine the Financial Member for the City bringing forward a motion in favour of so altering the incidence of the abominable Income Tax as to discriminate between Income from Land or Consols, and Income from business or profession, or, in other words, between real and unreal property. The House is looking forward with dread to an interminable Essay upon the facts of the case, bristling with Statistics, and similar awful nuisances, when the Hon. Member, with that modesty that so well becomes the descendant of the ancient Mother, who so loved her dog, informs the delighted House that the whole subject was treated so admirably lately by the Paper that has the largest Liberal circulation in the world, that he will rest his case on that convincing article, to which he refers the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who at once replies that, instead of wearying the House with a number of minute details, he begs to refer the Right Hon. Gentleman to a most splendid Article that appeared on Monday in the columns of the Paper that has the largest circulation in the world, whether Liberal or otherwise, in which every statement or argument relied upon by his Right Hon. friend is utterly denied, or ruthlessly annihilated; upon which the House at once proceeds to a division, and the whole thing is settled in about ten minutes; and as no sane man ever thinks of reading the Parliamentary Debates in *extenso*, no one would regret

the change except the Bore of the House; and, as it is well understood that no speech ever changes a vote, the result to the country would always be the same as under the present dull and dreary system. We shall look forward with great curiosity to see who the self-denying Member will be who will have the pluck and the good sense to follow this excellent example of the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA.

THE "SUPER'S" COMPLAINT.

(By one who doesn't get much chance of carrying a banner.)

THE dooce take them Inventions and such like bloom'n' shows, The mischief that they does us all the summer no one knows. Inventions!! one sees everywhere in big type on their bills. Rubbish! Arf the things they've got there are as ancient as the hills.

To begin with, there's the cove as takes your money at the door, That trick ain't so very new, we've seen that done afore; A bun there costs a penny like at any other shop, They ain't discovered a lower price for ale or ginger-pop. If they found you a good blow-out and likewise stood the drink, Then hooray for the Inventions, would say all of us, I think. Now, where the novelty comes in that gets me all abroad, It's a shameful faked-up Government job and a regular downright fraud.

The way they praise them German Bands it nearly makes me sick, The Guards is good enough for me, and so to them I stick. Why, the band we always take down on our annual Epping lark, Would give the lot a big drum in and blow 'em bang out of the Park.

Boats are there, and printing too, are as inventions shown, They prig old NOAH and CAXTON's biz, and boss it as their own. I can't but think it's rather hard, we do our best to please. The whole year round; a game like this mops up our bread and cheese.

The Inventions dries our shows up, and the Guv'nor says, says he, "I hope as this 'All Frisky' Show's the last as there will be."



"OUR PRINCESS."

Old Lady (from the Country, at the "Inventions"). "OH, 'LIZA, WHAT A SHAME! LOOK! THEY'VE BEEN AND TOOK HER AS A CHORISTER-BOY NOW!"

"ARM, ARM, YE BRAVE!"

To arm our soldiers with bayonets that bend, and our policemen with truncheons that break, is certainly suggestive of a careful consistency in stupidity. But that is all that can be said for it. Poor Police-Constable DAVIS might have been inclined to say that, in such a case at least, "consistency is the bugbear of small minds." DAVIS had, in the usual way of business, to tackle a couple of armed burglars on a house-top at Kensington. He did it, too, though circumstances placed him at considerable disadvantage. His alarm-whistle, it appears, had been "called in for stamping," or some such routine purpose. It was, therefore, of as little use to him as the magical Danish Whistle to the lover who hadn't got it. In the second place, his truncheon—being "contract trash"—broke in three pieces at the first blow he dealt at his enemy. The consequence was, that DAVIS got three bullets in his body, and the burglars—who are *not*, luckily for them, armed by the State—got off. This is highly encouraging—to the burglars. Law, armed with a rotten truncheon, and *minus* even its alarm-whistle, can scarcely be much of "a terror to evil-doers." Is it not high time that the official duflers who supply our military and civil defenders with "contract trash" arms should themselves be "called in for stamping"—with the brand of public disgrace?

BALLAD OF THE PHILANTHROPIST.

POMONA Road and Gardens, N.,
Were pure as they were fair.
In other districts, much I fear,
That vulgar language shocks the ear,
But brawling wives or noisy men
Were never heard of there!

No burglar fixed his dread abode
In that secure retreat,
There were no publichouses nigh,
But chapels low and churches high,
You might have thought Pomona Road
A quite ideal beat!

Yet such was not at all the view
Taken by B 13;
That active and intelligent
Policeman deemed that he was meant
Profound detective deeds to do,
And that repose was mean!

Now there was nothing to detect
Pomona Road along,—
None faked a cly, nor cracked a crib,
Nor prigg'd a wive, nor told a fib,—
Minds cultivated and select
Slip rarely into wrong!

Thus, bored to desolation, went
The Peeler on his beat,
He knew not Love, he did not care
If Love be born on mountains bare;
Nay, Crime to punish or prevent
Was more than dalliance sweet!

The weary wanderer, day by day,
Was marked by HOWARD FRY—
A neighbouring Philanthropist,
Who saw what that Policeman missed—
A sympathetic "Well-a-day!"
He'd moan, and pipe his eye.

"What *can* I do," asked HOWARD FRY,
"To soothe that brother's pain?
His glance, when first we met, was keen,
Most martial and erect his mien,
(What "mien" may mean, I know not, I),
But *he* must joy again!

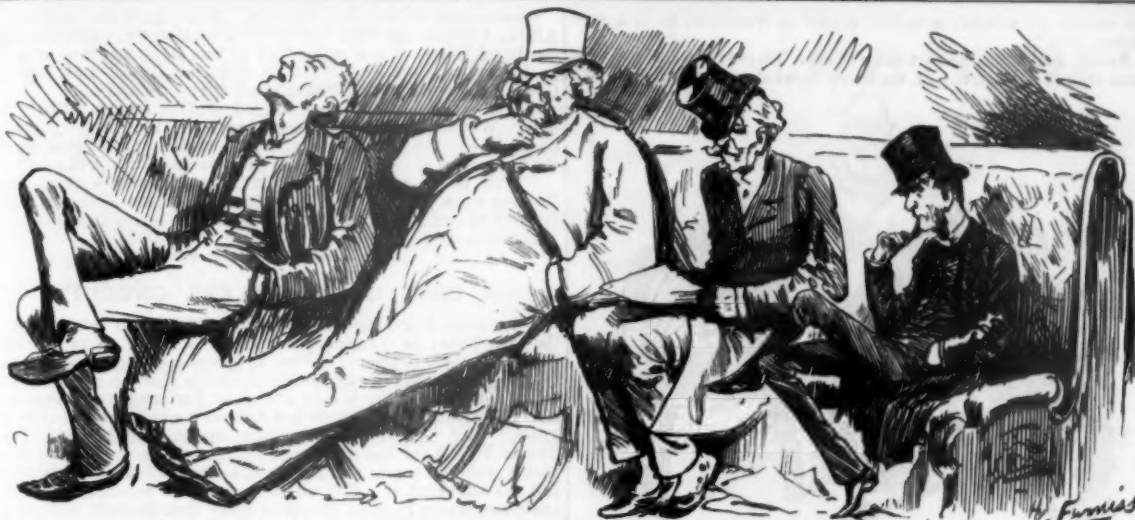
"I'll start on a career of crime,
I will," said HOWARD FRY.
He spake and acted! Deeds of bale
(With which I do not stain my tale)
He wrought like mad, time after time,
Yet wrought them blushfully!

And now, when 'busses night by night
Were stopped, conductors slain,
When youths and men, and maids unwed,
Were stabbed, or knocked upon the head,
Then B 13 grew sternly bright,
And was himself again!

Pomona Road and Gardens, N.,
Are now a name of fear.
Commercial travellers flee in haste,
Revolvers girt about the waist
Are worn by City gentlemen
Who have their mansions near!

But B 13 elated goes,
Detection in his eye;
While HOWARD FRY does deeds of bale
(With which I do not stain my tale),
To lighten that Policeman's woes,
Yet does them blushfully!

A FAIR Correspondent, who signs herself "JANE DARK," wants to know "whether it would be correct to describe any one of the Royal Academicians, as 'a Man of Colour?'" We will inquire.



THE NEW FOURTH PARTY. IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 13.—Grand triumphal entry of GORST, taking his seat after re-election on becoming SOLICITOR-GENERAL. All the forces of the late Fourth Party mustered to do honour to occasion. GORST marched up between RANDOLPH and WOLFF, whilst ARTHUR BALFOUR beamed on the procession from Treasury Bench.

"Happiest moment of my life," said RANDOLPH. "All my Party provided for. Little difficulty about WOLFF, but that will be arranged. Nuisance is, that as we'll only be in five months, the delay in gazettement appointment is serious matter. Lost nearly a month's salary now. Must frighten BEACH. Wish I'd got up, and denounced his Budget Scheme the other night; but soon find another opportunity. Think I'll take up the Crofters' Bill, and abuse BEACH for dropping it. That'll fetch 'em. WOLFF's appointment will be gazetted forthwith, and I'll stipulate that they shall pay him six months' salary in advance."

Questions growing again. Forty-two to-night, which is something like old times. CHAPLIN came out strong on Swine Fever. PAGET asked simple question. CHAPLIN produced prodigious roll of manuscript.

"Surely, he's not going to read that!" said HICKS-BEACH, breathlessly. But he was, and did, not omitting a word. House murmured, coughed, laughed, and finally roared. RANDOLPH kicked him on the calf, and pretended it was ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. But CHAPLIN went on wallowing in particulars, finishing his oration amid hubbub that made him inaudible.

"If CHAPLIN's going to do this every night," said Sir PEEL, "he must make his answer as FITZ-WYGRAM makes his speech."

FITZ-WYGRAM's way certainly novel, and not unattractive. Comes down with speech prepared on matters relating to Army. Has good deal to say in miscellaneous manner. Knows House of Commons hates long speeches, so has hit upon charming device. On Vote for Men reads a portion of his manuscript, till he observes indications of impatience on part of audience, and feels a little tired himself. Then sits down, and Vote is disposed of. Next Vote on account of Volunteers' pay and allowance. FITZ-WYGRAM catches Chairman's eye, begins exactly where he left off, and goes on till he hears Members yawning, then pulls up. Even with all diligence couldn't finish to-night on successive Votes. Found himself at eleven o'clock with five pages of manuscript, and Government consenting to report progress. But wasn't christened FREDERICK WELLINGTON for nothing. Didn't serve through Crimean War without picking up a wrinkle. Dashed in, and began to read. MCCOAN jumped up, and insisted on reporting progress. General sat down. Up again when MCCOAN repeated.

"Often," said the General, with one eye on the paper, and another on the enemy opposite, "in these circumstances, horses and camels die, and become inefficient."

"Order! order!" cried the Chairman. "Question is, that I report progress, and ask leave to sit again."

FITZ-WYGRAM down like a shot when Chairman rose. Up again as soon as he resumed his seat. "In 1882—" he continued.

"Order! order!" cried the Chairman.

General now quite bewildered. Only thing to be done was to go on with his manuscript:—

"In 1882 the Infantry soldiers who were sent to Aldershot"—

"Order! order!" roared the Chairman. "Order! order!" bellowed the Committee; and FITZ-WYGRAM, holding on to his manuscript as if it were a sword-hilt, sat down, and stared about him with mute request that some one would oblige him by explaining what was the matter. Finally, on understanding that FITZ-WYGRAM hadn't more than five pages to read, Motion for progress withdrawn, and the General finished last instalment of speech.

Business done.—Votes on Army Estimates.

Tuesday Night.—In Lords to-night, NORTHBROOK very angry about BEACH, who's been "saying things" about him in the Commons. The saying amounts to this, that, whereas CHILDERS reported a saving of Two Millions on Vote of Credit, present Government, when they came into office, found little more than One Million in hand, rest having been disposed of by my Lords of the Admiralty.

"All very well for NORTHBROOK to protest and bluster," says the bland BRAMWELL, "but where's the odd Million? Perhaps he's not personally responsible for it. Accepted what was told him at the Admiralty. But he'd have done better to say he's very sorry, victim of system and all that kind of thing, and then join HAMILTON in vigorous effort to improve system. This blowing out of the cheek and querulous complaint about BEACH is nonsense."

Another charge by BEACH of preparing torpedo-boats without torpedo gear, NORTHBROOK hotly denounces as "one of the most extraordinary naval mares'-nests that had ever been found."

"What's a naval mares'-nest?" I asked BRASSEY, who's just been caught and brought home.

"Don't quite know. Suppose it's—er—something to do with a—er—sea-horse, don't you know?"

Sensible man, BRASSEY. Overwhelmed with labours at Admiralty. As soon as Ministry resigned went off on a yachting tour and forgot to leave address. Very angry at being brought back.

"Good gracious, TOBY!" he cried, with unusual access of animation. "There's nobody such a—er—fool as to suppose I know anything about the Admiralty. Nice place. Appearance of something to do. Makes one a Minister, and that sort of thing. If we were wrong, glad it was done respectably. None of your low fifty or—er—sixty thousand pounds, but a good Million."

In Commons the most agreeable and satisfactory debate heard for a long time. STANHOPE made statement on introducing Education Estimates, supplemented by speech from MUNDELLA, which shows enormous strides in national education with corresponding beneficial results direct and indirect.

Business done.—Education Estimates in Commons.

Thursday Night.—A dreary speech from CHILDERS on Budget; a drearier from the Right Honourable JOHN GELLIBRAND HUBBARD, commonly known as "Old Mother Hubbard."

"GELLIBRAND means well," said the Sage of St. Anne's Gate, "and his manner is impressive. But take him all in all, and putting

the matter not without a certain degree of frankness, he is a pernicious bore."

Nobody had anything particular to say. There is the Budget. We must take it or leave it. If we leave it, what are we going to do?



First Appearance of Mr. Gorst as Solicitor-General. "One of Us."

Not a cheerful business, but saddened sorely by long succession of supererogatory speeches. Only man who sat all through it was DICK PEDDIE. (Know him well enough now to call him DICK, and a right good fellow he is. The House of Commons loses in him an honest, able, modest man, who does his duty and doesn't blather.) "What are you stopping here for?" I asked, as I feebly crawled past, after three-quarters of an hour of CHILDERS and forty minutes of GELLI-BRAND. "Is this a new form of committing suicide?"

"No," he said, with demoniac gleam of cheerfulness. "I like it. Suits me admirably. Last day in House. Don't mean to sit again. Off to New Zealand. Want to get a thorough soaking before I go. Getting it now." And he turned with unabated cheerfulness to listen to SCLATER-BOOTH.

Later matters got more lively. Medical Relief Disqualification Bill on. House suddenly filled. Important to get Second Reading stage to-night. Suspicion that opponents of Bill would talk it out, strengthened by long speech from PELL. Then COLLINGS, to amazement of friends of Bill, turned up. His views on question pretty well known. Been stated half a dozen times already.

"Surely not going to risk chances of what is practically his own measure for sake of making another speech!" said WILLS, taking a Bristol Birdseye view of the situation.



WHO'S "WEE" NOW?

Randolph executes a savage dance on the Royal but prostrate form of Sir W. "We." Harcourt. (Friday Night, July 17.) "Put it down a 'We.'" —Mr. Weller Senior.

But he was, and did, appropriating good half-hour of the limited time. Lots more to speak. Apparently no chance for Bill till TALBOT suggested that speeches could be made on going into Committee.

"Capital idea," said COLLINGS. "One or two things I forgot to say just now. I'll mention them at the next stage." House so overcome at prospect that opposition vanished, and Bill read Second Time. *Business done.*—Budget Bill read Second Time.

Friday Night. —Parnellites impeach Earl SPENCER. Have maligned him for three years, without effect. "Now," says PARNELL, "now Government in. We brought them in. Don't work for nothing. Let them give us SPENCER's head on a charger."

Government in painful dilemma. Must meet the demands of Allies; but how can they, the Constitutional party, openly join with the Land-Leaguers, and strike blow at late Representative of Queen in Ireland? Something must be done, so BEACH promises that CARMARVON shall try the Maamtrasna affair over again.

"Pleasant evening you've had," I said to BEACH, after it was over. Which was the most pleasant incident, the bantering of HAR-COURT, the reproach of BRODERICK, the rebuke of CHARLES LEWIS, the high scorn of HARTINGTON, or the patronage of TIM HEALY?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, TOBY," he said, with a wearied sigh, "it was when TIM HEALY was patting me on the back that I most bitterly wished I'd resisted the temptation to betray NORTH-COTE."

Business done.—None.

A CASE OF HEARTLESS CRUELTY!

A PERFECTLY trifling error of about £850,000 in the accounts of the late Board of Admiralty was made so much of, as if such a thing had never happened before, and such a very unusual fuss was made about it, that it was thought desirable that the late First Lord and the late Secretary should attend in Parliament and give some sort of explanation to those low fellows "who want to know, you know." But neither of those illustrious ex-officials was in Town. The ex-First-Lord had a pleasant engagement in the country which would probably detain him for about a week, when he would return and see all about it. But where was the ex-Secretary? and echo answered, where? Most men who know that pleasant and popular gentleman know full well what would be his course of action directly he was released from the boredom of office. A telegram would fly with lightning speed to his trusty Captain, and he would follow the pleasant telegram on the wings of an express train to the haven of his beautiful Yacht; he would at once rush on board, weigh anchor, spread the white sails to the fair breeze and thoughtfully remembering to forget to leave his address, speed away anywhere, anywhere, so that it was direct from Whitehall. And so it turned out, but his heartless ex-colleagues with a refinement of cruelty seldom equalled, never surpassed, forwarded telegrams to every place at which he might possibly touch, urging his immediate return on most urgent public affairs. We may endeavour but in vain to fancy what his feelings were when he found awaiting him at the very first port he rashly entered an awful-looking telegram such as we have described, adding too, possibly, that there was a little matter of £850,000 deficiency in the accounts which it was desirable should be cleared up. His first thought, doubtless, was to write a little cheque for the amount, but as that would have been pleading guilty to some slight inadvertence, it was at once abandoned.

We most of us know something of the language used by our Jack Tars, and even by those who only occasionally go down to the sea in ships of their own, when anything of a particularly annoying character ruffles their usually serene temper; so we would rather not have to record the nautical expressions that probably fell from Sir THOMAS BRASSEY's lips when he had fully fathomed the full meaning of that terrible telegram.

Oh, the contrast of those two short runs! In the first we can imagine the rapture of the escaped Secretary, as his beautiful Yacht ran before the wind, and bore him swiftly away from boredom and anxiety. And then suddenly finding himself bound in honour to 'bout ship and return, as the Judge says, to the place from whence he came, and enter upon a tedious and troublesome inquiry that cannot bring him honour and may bring blame. And in such weather too! The punishment seems awfully severe, and everyone who knows his genial nature will cordially wish him a speedy release, and a swift return to that summer sea that he loves so well.

Our Annie.

OUR ANNIE was sorry and sad;
Alas, for her sweetheart she waited.
He came, and she sighed, "I'm so glad."
They married. She's now ANNIE-mated.

PRELATE AND PRIMROSE.

THE wind is in course of being raised for the formation of a Bishopric of Wakefield out of the Bishopric of Ripon. Wakefield has risen to importance sufficient for a See. "The Primrose League" ought to oppose any such design. Imagine a Bishop of Wakefield! Impossible. The Vicar of Wakefield can have no superior.

"LIKE A BIRD."—"TRUTH," said Mr. FINCH-HATTON, the other night, "is one of the prime necessities of political life." The Hon. Member should surely be re-named CHAFF-FINCH-HATTON! He must have been joking!

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